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Unrescinded

Mr. Swann, under the prodding of Mr. Whitman, was brought to see that Police Rule No. 184 wouldn't do. This rule is the one which requires any policeman working for the District Attorney's office to report to Police Headquarters at once any information he may pick up bearing on a possible prosecution of police officers.

So Mr. Swann called up the Mayor's office to arrange for an interview to discuss rescinding or suspending the rule. Apparently Commissioner Enright gained touch with the City Hall first. At any rate, the Mayor declined to receive Mr. Swann. He was not exactly kicked downstairs, but the door was heavily slammed in his face.

The consequence is that the rule stands. The Mayor would have dictaphone policemen in the District Attorney's office. He proposes to take no chances of not having early knowledge as to whither the grand jury investigation is tending. Wicked men are numerous, and they might find out something to the discredit of the city administration. The agitated Mayor would get to work speedily on needed alibis.

That it may not be said that the summary of Rule No. 184 is inaccurate we venture to quote it again:

"Any member of the department summoned to the District Attorney's office of any county, in connection with a case in which he or any other member of the department is apt to be made or become a defendant, will report the facts in detail at once to the Police Commissioner."

There it is in its bald simplicity. No wonder Mr. Whitman, gazing on such a barefaced attempt to hamstring the grand jury or any agency depending on the District Attorney's office for authority, fears he may be made ridiculous. Even if it is possible to draw the teeth of the rule, the fact that it was formulated shows what sort of coöperation he may expect from the Police Department or the city administration.

It is the same sort of stifling, blocking coöperation that Samuel Untermyer found in his way when he began to reach the quick in the housing investigation.

But one general conclusion is to be drawn—namely, that a legislative committee is the only instrumentality that will be able to uncover that which needs to be uncovered.

Simplicity First

Senator Harding's instinct about inauguration trappings is sound and wholesome. It is rooted in more than a natural aversion to what most Americans look upon as undemocratic flummery. Senator Harding has lived in Washington and been through inaugurations. He knows that the spirit of the occasion which has brought March 4 crowds to Washington has not been happily reflected in the form of celebration now in fashion—a cross, in some respects, between Mardi Gras and Old Home Week. Mr. Wilson cut out the meaningless inaugural ball. Mr. Harding goes further and vetoes the costly inauguration parade.

If a military and civic pageant were entirely in keeping with American ideas about the inauguration ceremony, certainly no more dismal setting could be chosen for it than Washington at the tail end of the winter. The capital is then usually at its worst. Many inauguration days have been execrable, so far as the enjoyment of outdoor exercises is concerned. Washington is one of the most beautiful of cities. From the æsthetic point of view the ideal time for an official celebration, pictorially brilliant as well as dignified, would be April 30, the day on which George Washington was first inaugurated in New York. But our political calendar, though admittedly faulty, is very difficult to change. George F. Hoar worked for years to amend it, and the Senate once got to the point of voting to do away with the March 4 hoodoo. But the House refused assent. A leader in the House expressed his contempt for the Hoar scheme by saying that it was an attempt to prevent elderly Senators from catching cold on the Capitol east front portico.

Present conditions being unfavorable to an ambitious outdoor or general celebration, it is wise to make the inauguration as simple as possible. Senator Harding emphasizes the idea of good taste and self-restraint in his telegram to Senator Knox. It is the President's day. He should be allowed to dominate it. What it symbolizes is the quiet, orderly transfer of authority from one head of the nation to another. The more modest the ceremony the more it stresses the political quality of the event, rather than its utility for local holiday purposes, and the more it will appeal to the country generally.

Jefferson's entry into office marked a momentous turn in our political development. It was none the less imposing because of its extreme avoidance of ostentation. It is the inner meaning of the ceremonial that counts. That form of inauguration is best which keeps most clearly in sight the tradition of government conducted democratically and simply.

Soldier Secretaries of War

Attempts are being made to spread the opinion that it is against precedent and also against the law to appoint an army officer Secretary of War. A regular army officer on the active list may not be appointed to a civil office and still retain military rank. Any regular officer, active or retired, who accepts appointment in the diplomatic or consular service automatically loses his army status; but a retired army officer may hold any other Federal civil office to which he has been elected or appointed by the President. Officers on the retired list have sat in Congress, and may sit in the Cabinet.

As to the question of precedent and public policy, there has never been any recognized bar to the appointment of army officers to the Secretaryship of War. The first Secretary of War, under the Constitution, was General Henry Knox. He had served under the Confederation régime and was continued in office by President Washington. General John Armstrong was called into Madison's Cabinet during the War of 1812. General Henry Dearborn was nominated by Madison in March, 1815, for the same post, but the nomination was withdrawn before the Senate acted on it. In the latter part of Andrew Johnson's term General John M. Schofield was nominated and confirmed as head of the War Department. Johnson had tried to oust Edwin M. Stanton, but Congress refused to concur in the removal and forced Stanton back. In the course of this struggle General Ulysses S. Grant and General Lorenzo Thomas had served by Johnson's designation as secretaries *ad interim*.

When Grant became President he appointed his devoted friend and companion, General John A. Rawlins, to the War Secretaryship. Rawlins died in office six months later. The Senate not being in session, Grant then appointed General William T. Sherman Secretary. The latter served about two months, resigning and being succeeded by William W. Belknap. In 1872, near the end of Grant's first term, Congress provided in the army appropriation act that no officers on the active list should be appointed to civil office.

Since that time no army officer still in the service has held the post of Secretary of War. But there is no inhibition on the selection of a regular officer who has resigned or gone on the retired list. Nobody now in the army who, like Leonard Wood, has the qualifications eminently desired in a Secretary, is excluded by law or precedent from qualifying for appointment in the Harding Cabinet.

His Innocence the Mayor

If only his honor the Mayor lived in a world as simple and childlike as his crystalline self, what a gorgeous success he would be! How the busses would honk through the dusty but happy thoroughfares and criminals cringe and contractors toil in the city's ash dumps just for the love of the work!

But it is not, alas! in such a crystal—should we say terra cotta?—heaven that his honor is obliged to function. Rough men are continually turning up who take advantage of the Mayor's generous custom of turning the other façade when the contractors get their hooks into one. What is more, when the law gets on the heels of crooks, the Mayor, in his innocence, would actually divert the hunt—all in the interest of truth and publicity, of course

There could not be nobler words, spoken with a more rotund swelling of the chest, than Mr. Hylan's comment when Mr. Steinbrink reported that something slightly smelly had been discovered in at least one city contract. "Let the public know all about it!" cried the simple-hearted Mayor. "I always like to bring everything out in public." Of course, Mr. Steinbrink had to explain that publicity was all very well, but that where a crime is suspected it is best to indict first and talk afterward. And Mr. Hylan regretfully agreed.

Judging by the current murder trials, the custom of the hour is to prove that your defendant has the mind of a boy of eight—and your chief witness the mind of a girl of ten. Of course, Mr. Hylan has a large and glorious mind upon things abstruse and metaphysical—toads, jellyfish, ash dumps. But what shall be said of his wisdom in the sordid wickedness of these sinful times? As an infant in his rompers, toying with his bottle, or at most a bland toddler of four, smiling at the universe as at a bowl of mush, is his honor confronted by the tricks and wiles of a wicked world. Almost one wishes that even at the expense of his innocence he might grow up.

Business as Usual

Most of the wise folk predicted a gloomy automobile show for 1921, with business dull and scant popular interest. They have received the shock of their lives. Not only has the show been crowded, but sales have exceeded all expectations. The great American public has refused to be scared by hard times, or talk of a panic, into clinging to worn-out cars or denying itself the economies and improvements of the new cars.

The truth is that the conception of a motor car as a luxury still clings to popular thought—even hangs on in the motor world despite the facts and publicity to counteract it. There are obviously motor cars which are sheer luxury. They are the conspicuous cars, too, and it is natural that an exaggerated notion of their importance to the industry should persist. But every such car could be wiped out of existence, as a manufacturing factor, without destroying more than 1 or 2 per cent of the motor car business of the country. The great mass of American family automobiles earn their way as delivery wagons and hacks, with only an incidental service as pleasure vehicles, in just about the same ratio as the oldtime farmer's horse that every so often carried the household to church or a picnic.

It was upon this bygone theory of the motor car as a luxury that the recent clouds of gloom enveloped the trade. It is only by a realization of how largely the motor car has become a necessity, an integral part of the basic economics of American living, that the surprisingly active buying of the present show can be explained. People are buying cars to-day exactly as they buy shoes—because the old ones are worn out or have reached too poor a condition to make their further use economical. With the reduced output of the country's automobile factories there are barely enough cars to fill this need of replacement, and those buyers who are shopping thus early are using good American trade judgment.

Business is as usual in the motor car business because the American people are still moving about as usual. The symptom is a sign of ordinary health, and to this extent is a sign of a return to normal conditions. But no more miracle is involved than in the facts that trolley cars still run and car couplings and rubber boots and paving stones sell as usual.

The Case of Wells

In his contribution to the discussion of the problem of Russia H. G. Wells has declared:

First, that as things now are the collapse will soon be complete, with nothing left but a population of primitive peasants;

Second, that the Bolshevik government, incapable and inexperienced, is unable of itself to avert the completion of the wreck;

Third, that, incapable as they are, the Bolsheviki constitute the only group in Russia with a program, and thus they should be "generously" assisted to create in Russia a new social order based on the principles of communism or possibly "a mitigated communism";

Fourth, that inasmuch as the Bolshevik government holds that private traders are "pirates," it is necessary to "sell" to the Bolshevik government, and thus to recognize it.

Analyzing this Wells statement and argument, Winston Churchill points out that it is in effect said that demonstrated incapacity establishes a claim for sympathetic support; that the common notion that wreckers are not the best agents to be trusted to efface the consequences of their own folly is erroneous; that, on the contrary, the true policy is to trust further those who do ill.

For presuming to criticize in this fashion Mr. Wells in reply to Mr. Churchill has nothing to offer except abuse. He asperses his motives and intimates he is an imperialistic adventurer. If this is so it does not appear how the fact is pertinent. One can imagine with what fine scorn and fluency the accomplished Wells would fall on any one who condemned Bolshevism because he had personal objection to its defender.

But there is one matter Mr. Churchill neglects. By what divining or prophetic powers is Mr. Wells able to know that the incapable Bolsheviki, poor stuff though they may be, are the best Russia has? No one knows or can know. No new group is allowed to come together. There is no free press, no free public assemblage; any one disagreeing is not allowed to travel. Suppose, with free elections, a constituent assembly were chosen in Russia. Who has a right to say it could not organize a government? Mr. Wells might have some faith in the democratic principle.

But Mr. Wells, when attributing their failure to personal incapacity, is not wholly fair to Lenine and Trotzky. Their failure is not so much because of personal deficiencies as because of their system. Abandon the system, and Russia would probably speedily recover. The remedial prescription Mr. Churchill offers is in two words—namely, "drop communism."

Chesterton's Chance

If a host may venture to express what conduct best befits a guest, it is perhaps permissible to say in the hearing of Gilbert K. Chesterton that there is no reason why he should not be himself during his lecture tour. May not a diffidence born of too much thought of the box office mitigate his utterances and dull the fine edge of his fervors?

The country is pleasantly familiar with foreign men of letters who come to speak to us and instruct us. But too often there is a chilling consciousness that they do not give us their best—that with the excuse of politeness they stoop to conceal and to flatter. Terribly frank in their own countries, they become warily timid here, and criticisms that might be of great pith and value are never heard. It cannot be said that there is a real meeting of hands and minds across the sea until Britons in America and Americans in Britain cease to father smooth phrases which show they do not feel the at-homeness that they declare.

In London Mr. Chesterton has the repute of not being careful of the heads he cracks. As a philosopher he has been a lusty assailant of prevailing modes of thought. He has not adopted the notion that to praise moralities and spiritualities is to betray one's self a superstitious old woman. He has not gloried in heresy. He has dared to praise orthodoxy.

If his eyes are open he will note that American life and literature are colored with the same colors he objects to when at home. What does he think of the imitations of Nietsche, Ibsen and Shaw that our young men and women have essayed? What does he think of the French unreserve we have imported, or of Russian worship of the ugly as it affects America?

Why Battleships?

Admiral Sir Percy Scott, of the British Navy, Wants to Know

(From a letter in The London Times)

To the Editor of The Times.

Sir: Will you help me in my ignorance? I cannot get an answer to my question, "What is the use of a battleship?" She must be of some use or the United States and Japan would not be building battleships. A lot of naval officers have written to me, but they only tell me what she is not useful for; they will not answer my question. Is her use a secret that only a few know and will not disclose? Will it be disclosed by the Committee of Imperial Defense, who are going to settle what the weapons of the new navy are to be?

Admiral Hall, a young and vigorous officer who had wide experience during the war, will not enlighten my ignorance; he is only telling the public what the battleship is not useful for. What is the good of that? Before we spend 109 millions on battleships and another 100 millions in making safe harbors for them we ought to know what use they are. Now, sir, do try to enlighten my ignorance. Ask Lord Sydenham or some one else who knows all about naval affairs. Yours, faithfully,

PERCY SCOTT.

52 South Audley Street, Dec. 11.

P. S.—I had just finished this letter when I got a further show-up of my ignorance. I got a letter from an airman, who wants to know why I am talking about "safe harbors for battleships!" He says such a thing is impossible: a door will not do; the harbor must have a roof on it. "Have I forgotten the attack made in 1919 by eight aeroplanes carrying torpedoes that flew from Gosport and torpedoed the fleet at anchor in Portland Harbor?" he asks.

This danger can, of course, be got over by roofing in our harbors; it will cost only a few thousand millions and will be provided for in the new Naval Estimates.

Our Need of Large Liners

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "Nautigus," the well informed shipping journal of New York, says in its issue of January 8:

"The competition that American ships must meet is not that of tramp owners but that waged by tremendously wealthy liner companies that have accumulated high reserves for the very purpose of meeting competition and have in the mean time written down the value of their tonnage to a basis representing in many cases as low a valuation as $8 to $10 a ton."

As reported in The Tribune to-day, the House Committee on Appropriations is hesitating about including in the urgent deficiency bill the appropriation necessary to carry on until June 30 of this year construction on the only large liners building in the United States to-day. Without the regular, fast and direct passenger, mail and fast freight service which these vessels can provide our fleet of merchant marine will remain incomplete and ineffective. The great majority of Americans traveling to the great markets of Asia, South America and Europe will continue to travel and our mails will continue to be carried under foreign flags, and foreign liners will continue to monopolize the high class freight. MARINER.

New York, Jan. 10, 1921.

A Horrible Example

(From The Indianapolis News)

The No-Tobacco League will probably argue that Uncle Joe Cannon might have been in Congress longer than forty-three years if he had not smoked so many cigars.

The Conning Tower

TO BETTY

Lady, I smite a languid lyre,
And smite it all in vain;
For only jangled discords come
When I would sing a strain
To celebrate the beauty of
Which you are justly vain.

And if it strike uncouthly on
Your ear, this lay I sing,
And if you like it not at all,
My tuneless lyricking,
Go on believing you are fair—
I'll say you are, old thing!

C. W. W.

"In something over five decades," philosophizes our favorite Marion, Ohio, newspaper, The Star, "we fail to recall where anybody ever boosted his own business or that of his community by dwelling on business depression." In something more than five minutes, which is a long time to give to any subject, we fail to recall one instance of anybody starting a business boom by playing a piccolo solo in the dark.

Prices of most things are lower, but they are as high as possible, as they always are. One of the principles of business is to get the highest possible price, which is, in a universe that has other flaws, all right. The wrong thing is the hypocrisy of the sellers who pretend to lower prices because of altruism.

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

January 9—Lay late, and Miss Alva Taylor came while we were at breakfast, and she grown to be a beautiful girl. So with my wife to hear R. Werrenrath the barytone, singing very well, too; and we brought Miss E. Ferber home to supper, a good one, and had much talk of this and that, and my wife, speaking of my not confiding in her, but Lord, quoth I, I have no secrets I do not announce to all the world. Read some stories from the Old Testament, by L. Pearsall Smith, very fine and amusing.

10—In my petrol waggon to the office, and there all day, and so to see Mistress Hilda, who hath been ill, and so to dinner with Mistress Zona Gale, and thence to A. Pinchot's, and heard L. Steffens talk about Russia, and so with Z. to the playhouse and saw some of "Miss Lulu Bett," and found it far better than when I saw it the first night. Jay Darling the cartoonist chided me this day for not writing more verses, but methinks I do write too many as it is.

11—Early up, and to the office, and J. Hutchison and R. Ives come to luncheon, and J. tells me he ran around the park Sunday evening in 1 hour and 3 minutes, and won $25 and a pair of shoes, but I think he was a great zany to do it. To the dentist's, and so to the office to finish my stint, and home to dinner.

Add The American Credo: That Mr. G. K. Chesterton never writes a non-paradoxical sentence.

Still, Mr. Chesterton's lecture subjects are "The Ignorance of the Educated" and "The Perils of Health." Suggested additional subjects: "The Coldness of the Boiling Point," "The Loneliness of Crowds" and "The Tardiness of Speed."

Riming Where I Came From

In the East among the Blue Ridge,
Where the restless east winds roar
In the trees, and far below me
Flows the whispering Shenandoah;
Where the niggers used to swelter
In the fields of golden corn. . . .
But it's winter now; the niggers
And the waving green are gone. . . .
Yet it's there I like to wander,
And I stretch aloft my arm,
And I fling my rimes together
When the evening sky is calm.

There the critics do not critter,
And as sure as you are born,
You may choose your rimes at random
From the evening till the dawn.
Oh, the pesky, pesky critics!
All they ever think of doing
Is to call my rimes provincial
And to drive me to my ruin!

And, oh, how I love to gallop
In the Valley with Anita!
As she waves her little gauntlet,
And I hasten out to meet her.
But alas, too soon she'll leave me. . . .
Fare the well, our morning canter!
For Anita goes to school again
In far away Atlanta.

GARNETT LADLAW ESKEW.

What says Mr. Rupert Hughes, plugger for Senator Harding's style, to his (see telegram to Senator Knox) "misunderstanding which I had rather avoid"?

THE AGE OF SPECIALIZATION

[From The Brooklyn Eagle]

WRITER

All year round position with a splendid opportunity for advancement is open in the Butterick Publishing Company for a young woman measuring 36 bust; no previous experience. Apply by letter, giving experience, to

E. DOUGHTY,
Butterick Bldg., New York.

Somebody told Mim that one-way street wheeze as having been pulled recently by a friend of his, so, although we were swindled, the swindling was not accomplished with intent to deceive. It is a good plan, Mim, never to believe in the newness of a wheeze any one tells you if (1) it's good; (2) it begins "This really happened"; (3) or you didn't make it up yourself.

The New York Talkers

Je hear wot's de matter wit Carus'?
Naw. Wot?
Boigulars robbed all his money off him, an' he hollered so much about ut he sperled his verse.
Wadja mean sperled?
Rooned. Absoluly rooned. C. A.

Fair is the warning of L. Colitti & Co., a commercially candid firm, announcing that "Reasonable prices will prevail until February 15th."

The Feminine Unrest

[From The Brooklyn Eagle]

YOUNG woman would like a few rough-dry washes. CANNON, 254 Reid av.

Ideas them beauty shops puts into your head yet! "Don't envy your neighbor's school complexion, luxurious hair, satin skin, and well groomed hands," says a Jamaica remolder and revarnisher. "The same is within your reach."

Stay, gentle spring! Ethereal mildness, stay!

F. P. A.

LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WOULD BE MORE COMFORTABLE FOR EVERYBODY IF WE'D HELP FIX *THEIR* BEDS

Books

By Heywood Broun

Later in the week we expect to report more fully on Hungry Hearts (Houghton Mifflin), by Anzia Yezierska. On the basis of the four stories in the volume which we have read Miss Yezierska seems one of the most eloquent of the fictionists who have gone to the East Side for their material. The stories may serve also as models for all who deal in dialogue, for there is just a sufficient touch to indicate the foreign quality of the speech, but no attempt at a phonographic and phonetic exactitude which drives the reader wild.

Curiously enough, the one story which is featured on the cover as the gem of the collection because of the fact that it was abundantly starred by Edward J. O'Brien in one of his yearly anthologies is distinctly inferior to the rest. This particular yarn, which is called "The Fat of the Land," is a moderately skillful use of the time-worn theme in which somebody is taken up from the Ghetto to Riverside Drive and is unhappy there. This story never moves us much, for it does not seem to us that it is necessary for anybody to come from the East Side in order to have a rotten time in a Riverside Drive apartment house.

But even this story is not devoid of charm, since it contains Mrs. Breineh's boast about the generosity of her son Benny, the playwright, who "gave away more than a hundred free tickets for the first night." And there is eloquence later in the woman's outburst against her children when she cries out: "Why should my children shame themselves from me? From where did they get the stuff to work themselves up in the world? Did they get it from the air? How did they get all their smartness to rise over the people around them? Why don't the children of born American mothers write my Benny's plays? It is I, who never had a chance to be a person, who gave him the fire in his head. If I would have had a chance to go to school and learn the language what couldn't I have been? It is I and my mother and my mother's mother and my father and my father's father who had such a black life in Poland; it is our choked thoughts and feelings that are flaming up in my children and making them great in America. And yet they shame themselves from me!"

More particularly we recommend "Wings" and "Hunger" as stories done with fine fire and feeling by a woman who evidently knows her folk and their environment at first hand.

The Theater, the Drama, the Girls, by George Jean Nathan, has just come to hand. We have not yet had an opportunity to look it over, although we have seen some of the material in magazine form. This is at least the fifth or sixth collection of this author which Alfred Knopf has published, and we are a little puzzled as to why the jackets of Nathan books are still so much like patent medicine wrappers. Each time Nathan is offered in the guise of a more or less obscure writer who ought to be read, because Elegante Welt, of Berlin, has called him "America's leading critic of the theater." Or because Le Temps has referred to him as "One of the soundest and wittiest of critics." On the front of the book James Gibbons Huneker, George M. Cohan, William Lyon Phelps, The Nation, The New Republic, The New York Evening Post, The Chicago Tribune, The Boston Transcript and Gordon Craig are all summoned to his assistance. It is even proudly announced that The Detroit Sunday News has called him one of the worst of dramatic critics. The climax of the list, to which all the other names are obviously building, is a quotation from The New York Times, in which we read: "He probably knows more about modern dramatic literature than any one now writing on the subject in England and America."

The effect of all this is to suggest to any book buyer who has never heard of Nathan—if, indeed, there be any such—that here is a forbidding and learned sort of fellow who ought to be read because of his worth and weight, but must be, for all that, rather arduous medicine. As a matter of fact, Mr. Nathan is easy and agreeable and hasn't learning enough to offend even the most casual reader.

Gilda Varesi's successful and amusing play, "Enter Madame," is now available in book form. The attractive edition is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons and Alexander Woollcott has contributed an introduction in which he outlines the personal history of "Enter Madame" and gives some indication of just how far back go the roots of a play, even such a one as seems the easy work of a few weeks' inspiration. He recounts, too, the ominous prophecy of Modjeska, who taught the young Varesi, and then remarked, sadly, "She is thin and homely and an artist. On all three counts the American theater will have none of her." This, to be sure, is a prophecy which has not been fulfilled. Perhaps Miss Varesi has grown stouter.

Houses for Immigrants

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The relationship between housing and immigration was humorously suggested in the proposition of a Western paper that each immigrant must bring with him a house. At this time an announcement that some corporation was at the point of building a mile of apartments on both sides of a street at a cost of upward of $15,000,000 would receive a prominent place in the daily papers and be deemed a substantial step toward the solution of the housing problem. The same result would be obtained, however, if the settlement of 20,000 immigrants within the city limits can be prevented.

At present immigrants are arriving by the thousands daily, and a considerable percentage of them remains in New York. A large percentage of them is undesirable as citizens, but the point chiefly to be considered at the moment is that we have no accommodations for housing them. The flood ought to be cut off at least until this lack is supplied. The housing difficulty is country-wide, so that there is no possibility of directing the flood elsewhere with advantage.

CHARLES E. MANIERRE.

New York, Jan. 10, 1921.

A Gold Brick

(From The Boston Transcript)

If you are thinking of buying Kamchatka from Washington B. Vanderlip, better consult an international conveyancer. There are rumors in circulation about a flaw in the title.

Wood or Hert?

A Plea to Mr. Harding to Ignore Political Pressure

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I read with much interest your editorial in your issue of the 8th, entitled "Wood or Hert?"

I believe the majority of the people of this country would be, Republicans and Democrats who voted with them, much gratified if Mr. Harding would offer to General Leonard Wood the portfolio of Secretary of War.

I have written to Mr. Harding stating my views as a plain citizen. Your editorial covers the case, and, as you state, if Mr. Harding will "cut loose" from political pressure we will have faith in his judgment to select wisely. Keep at it, so that the President-elect will listen to the voice of the people who elected him.

I believe that Governor Lowden would make an excellent Secretary of the Treasury.

I hope other opinions on this subject will be expressed through your columns.

C. R. WEEDEN.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 10, 1921.

Irreverence

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In her letter to your paper January 10, 1921, Elizabeth B. Rogers has hit the nail squarely on the head. I have noted many times these exceedingly disagreeable representations of ministers. In the motion pictures particularly ministers are usually portrayed as very odious individuals. Then, too, a scene inside a church is always attended by some deliberate irreverence or irrelevance. It would certainly be hard to find anywhere a minister so disagreeable as they are presented. I earnestly hope that the Methodist Church will be successful in its efforts to rid our motion pictures and literature of this unpleasant and entirely uncalled for misrepresentation.

Does Miss Rogers know that The Boston Transcript publishes every Saturday "Notes from the Field," which tells what these men are doing? It would be a good plan for some of the New York papers to follow this example. How careless the people of New York City are concerning religious matters! The writer will never forgive them for letting the Madison Square Presbyterian Church and St. John's Chapel be torn down.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Troy, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1921.

Camp Cookery for Men

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The item in your to-day's Tribune, "Teaching Men How to Cook in Pennsylvania College," interested me greatly. I trust I can interest you as much in the following, so that you will publish it as news that is new and will interest many who do not know what we are trying to do.

There are classes in camp cookery for men and women. The course includes "a study of the nutritive value, selection and preparation of simple foods." Camp cookery gives the opportunity for simple, inexpensive, outdoor, summer vacation life and for wholesome outings on holidays. These classes are free to the public. They are held at Public School 93, Amsterdam Avenue and Ninety-third Street, from 7:45 to 9:45 p. m., on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. There are also lessons in home cookery for women. The new term has just begun and classes are forming. EDNA S. SHACK.

New York, Jan. 10, 1921.